My First Poem.

We commence this column with the following rare hit of laughable ingenuity on the typographical errors contained in a few verses:

Ah! here it is! I'm famous now—
An author and a poet;
It really is in print! yo go is!
How proud I'll be to show it.
And gentle Anbie—what a thrill
Will animate her breast,
To read these ardent lines and know
To whom they are addressed.

Why, bless my soul! here's something strange;
What can the paper mean
By talking of the 'graceful brooks
That gander o'er the green?"
And here's a r instead of s,
Which makes it "ripling rill;"
"We'll seek the shad," instead of "shade,"
And "hell," instead of "hill."

"They look so"—what? I recollect,
'Twas "sweet,",and then 'twas "kind,"
And now to think the stupid fool
For "bland" has printed "blind."
Was ever such provoking work—
'Tis curious by the by,
How anything is rendered blind
By giving it an eye.

"Hast thou no tears," the r's left out,
"Hast thou no ears," instead;
"I hope that thou art dear" is put
"I hope that thou art dead."
Who ever saw in such a space,
So many blunders crammed!
"Those gentle eyes bedimmed" is spelt
"Those gentle eyes bedamned."

"The color of the rose" is "nose,"
"Affection" is "affliction;"
I wonder if the likeness holds
In fact as well as fiction.
"Thou art a friend," the a is gone;
Who ever would have deemed
That such a trifling thing would change
A "friend" into a "fiend?"

"Thou art the same" is rendered "lame;"
It really is too bad;
And here, the muse on t is out,
My "lovely maid" is "mad."
They drove her blind by poking in
An eye—a process new;
And now they've gouged it out again,
And made her crazy, too.

"Where are the muses fled, that thou
Shouldst live so long unsung."
Thus ran my vision—here it is;
"Shouldst live so long unhung."
"The fate of woman's love is thine,"
And n commences "fate;"
How small a circumstance will turn
A woman's love to hate.

I'll read no more. What shall I do?
I'll never dare to send it;
The paper's scattered far and wide—
'Tis now to late to mend it.
Oh, Fame! thou cheat of human bliss!
Why did I ever write?
I wish my poem had been burnt
Before it saw the light.

Let's stop and recapitulate:—
I've d'm'd her eyes, that's plain;
I've told her she's a lunatic,
And blind, and deaf, and lame.
Was ever such a horrid hash
In poetry or prose?
I've said she was a fiend, and praised
The color of her nose.

I wish I had that editor
About a half a minute,
I'd hang him to his heart's content,
And with an n begin it.
I'd jam his body, eyes and bones,
And spell it with a n,
And send him to that hill of his—
He spells it with an e.

How Peebles Asked The Old Man.

BY JOHN QUILL.

Peebles had just asked Mr. Merriweather's daughter if she would give him a lift out of bachelordom, and she had said yes. It therefore became absolutely necessary to get the old man's permission, so, as Peebles said, that arrangements might be made for hopping the conjugal twig.

Peebles said he'd rather pop the inorrogatory to all of old Mrriweather's daughters, and his sisters, and his female cousins, and his aunt Hannah in the country, and the whole of his female relations than ask old Merriweather. But it had to be done, and so he sat down and studied out a speech which he was to disgorge to old Merriweather the very first chance he got to shy it at him. So Peebles dropped in on him one Sunday evening, when all the family had meandered to class meeting, and found him doing a sum in beer measure, trying to calculate the exact number of quarts his interior could hold without blowing the head off of him.

'How are you, Peeb?' said old Merriweather, as Peebles walked in as white as a piece of chalk, and trembling as if he had swallowed a condensed earthquake. Peebles was afraid to answer, because he wasn't sure about that speech. He knew he had to keep his grip on it while he had it there or it would slip away from him quicker than an oiled eel through an auger hole. So he blunted right out:

'Mr. Merriweather, sir; perhaps it may not be unknown to you sir, that during an extended period of some five years, I have been engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise—'

'Is that so, and keepin' it a secret all the time, while I thought you was tendin' store. Well, by George, you're one of 'em now, ain't you?'

Peebles had to begin all over again to get the run of it.

'Mr. Merriweather, sir: Perhaps it may not be unknown to you, that during an extended period of some five years, I have been engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise, with a determination to procure a sufficient—'

'Sit down, Peeb, and help yourself to beer. Don't stand there holding your hat like a blind beggar with the paralysis. What's the matter with you, anyhow? I never seen you behave yourself so in all my born days.'

Peebles was knocked out again, and had to wander back for a fresh start.

'Mr. Merriweather, sir: It may not be unknown to you that during an extended period of some five years, I have been engaged in the prosecution of a commercial enterprise, with a determination to procure a maintenance—'

'A which-ance?' asked old Merriweather; but Peebles held on to the last word as if it was his only chance, and went on:

'In the hope that some day I might enter wedlock, and bestow my earthly possessions upon one whom I could call my own. I have been a lonely man, sir, and have felt that it is not good for man to be alone; therefore—'

'Neither is it, Peebles; and I'm all fired glad you dropped in. How's the old man?'

'Mr. Merriweather, sir,' said Peebles, in despairing confussion, raising his voice to a yell, 'it may not be unknown to you that during an extended period of a lonely man, I have been engaged to enter wedlock, and bestow all my commercial enterprise on one whom I could procure a determination to be good for a sufficient possessions—no, I mean—that is—that Mr. Merriweather, sir, it may not be unknown—'

'And then again it may. Look here, Peebles, you'd better lay down and take something warm; you ain't well.'

Peebles, sweating like a four year old colt went in again:

'Mr. Merriweather, sir: It may not be lonely for you to prosecute me whom you call a friend commercial maintenances, but—but—oh, dang it—Mr. Merriweather; sir, it—'

'Oh, Peebles, you talk as wild as a jackass. I never seen a more first-class idiot in the whole course of my life. What's the matter with you anyhow?'

'Mr. Merriweather, sir,' said Peebles in an agony of bewilderment, 'it may not be unknown that you prosecute a lonely man who is not good for a commercial period of wedlock for some five years, but—'

'See here, Mr. Peebles, you'r drunk, and if you can't behave better than that you'd better leave. If you don't I'll chuck you out, or I'm a Sinner.'

'Mr. Merriweather, sir,' said Peebles frantic with despair, 'it may not be unknown that my earthly possessions are engaged to enter wedlock five years with a sufficiently lonely man who is not good for a commercial maintenance—'

'The bloody deuce he isn't. Now you just git up and git, old hoss, or I'll knock what little brains out of you, you've got.'

With that old Merriweather took Peebles by the shirt collar and the part of his pants that wears out first if he sits down much, and shot him into the street as if he had just ran against a locomotive going at the rate of forty miles an hour. Before old Merriweather had a chance to shut the front door, Peebles collected his legs and one thing another that were laying around on the pavement, and arranged himself in a vertical position, and yelled out:

'Mr. Merriweather, sir: It may not be known to you—' which made the old man so wretched mad that he went and set a bull terrier on Peebles before he had a chance to lift a brogan, and there was a scientific dog fight with odds in favor of the dog, until they got to the fence, and even then Peebles would have carried the bull terrier home, gripped like a clamp on his leg, if it hadn't been that the meat was so tender, and the dog, feeling certain that something or other must eventually give way, held on until he got chops off of Peeble's calf, who went home a pound lighter, while Merriweather asserts, to this day, that they had to draw all the dogs teeth to get the flesh out of his mouth, 'for he had an awful holt for such a small animal.'

Of course Merriweather's daughter heard about it, and she was so mad that she never gave the old man any peace until he went around the next day to see Peebles about it. Peebles looked pale as a ghost from loss of blood and beef, and he had a whole piece of muslin wrapped around his leg. Merriweather said:

'Peebles, I'm sorry about that muss last night, but if you didn't behave like a raving maniac, I'm a loafer. I never seen such a deliberate ass since I was born. What's the meaning of it?'

'I was only trying to ask you to let me marry one of your daughters,' groaned Peebles.

'Great—what? You didn't mean to say—well, I hope I my be shot.—Well, if you ain't a wooden-headed idiot—I thought your mind was wandering. Why didn't you say it right out? Why of course you can have her. I am glad to get rid of her.—Take her, my boy, go it, go it, and I'll throw a lot of first-class blessings into the bargain.'

And Peebles looked ruefully at his defective leg and wished he had not been such a fool, but he went out and married the girl, and lived happily with her for about two months, and at the end of that time, he told a confidential friend that he would willingly take more trouble and undergo a million more dog bites to get rid of her.

Twenty-Three Eggs.

At eight years old I was as wide-awake, and saw as many things between daybreak and nine o'clock at night as any boy in the country, and was withal quite as fond of telling quite as much as I saw, and now and then a good deal more.

My mother sometimes suspected me of great powers of exaggeration but, as on looking into my statements, she was never able to detect me in a direct lie, I was little likely to receive the correction which I was often conscious of deserving. This came to me in an unexpected manner, and the way I was helped out of the worst and last falsehood I ever told has always been a mystery to me.

I was loitereng in the kitchen one morning where my mother was at work making tarts when—tarts suggesting cake, and cake eggs—she turned to me and said:

'I don't see as your new-fangled chickens turn out any better than the old ones. We don't seem to have any more eggs.'

Here my mother had touched a tender spot. I had bought the chickens with my own money, and on the positive assurance that they were magnificent layers.

'Yes they do,' I said—not waiting to think what my hasty vindication might cost me—'Yes they do; they lay splendidly. I found a nest with ever so many eggs in it this morning.'

'Then why didn't you bring them in?'

'I had no basket, and then I forgot it, but there's a hole there, under the cow's rack, and I counted twenty three eggs.'

That was a 'stunner,' but my mother did not drop her rolling-pin, nor give any sign that she discredited my assertions.

She only said quietly, 'Take the basket, Bridget, and go to the barn with Harry.'

I took the basket, and marched out half a rod ahead of Bridget, and straight to the cow's rack. I did not expect to find anything, but I must go ahead till I had to stop; that was always my way. So I went to the rack, when, sure enough, there was the hole; and, thrusting in my arm, I felt—an egg. I put it in the basket, and tried again,—another, and another, till twenty-three eggs had been taken from the wonderful hole. Just twenty-three and no more!

Never was profounder astonishment in one little breast, and the worst of it was, it had to be kept there. It was a big charge of powder in a small rock. I was terribly afraid it would explode, but it didn't. I took the eggs to my mother and went out whistling,—my mother saying to herself—dear soul—'How foolish I was to doubt him.'

Poor me! How I ached to confess the fiction, for the sake of telling the stranger truth. I had not the courage to do this, but the effect on me of this amazing verification of my falsehood was never lost. I had been so strangely confronted, face to face, with my lie, as if the evil one had whispered, 'Have it as you say,' that I determined it should be my last. And it was. I became so strictly truthful—so noted, indeed, for my exactness, that the time has at length come when I can safely tell the story of my twenty-three eggs.

A Wholesale Ducking.

We have in Chester, Pa., along the Deleware river, quite a promenede, consisting of a wharf, jutting out into the river several hundred feet, and it is the practice of both the white and colored population to walk thereon.—On Sunday evening especially, if pleasant, the place is usually crowded. On a recent Sabbath I witnessed quite an amusing scene at this place. A colored gent, dressed in the hight of fashion, with stovepipe hat, was talking with his dear (for it was plain to see he was very much in love), having hold of her hand, and she looking very radiant, &c. Through an unexpected accident, his endearments and sweet nonsense were abruptly terminated.—His foot slipped, and for a moment he practiced awkward feats of equilibrium on the edge of the wharf; but, not having trained in a circus, he was unsuccessful, and, consequently, fell into the water. The level of the wharf was only about a foot above the water's surface, and he either could not, or would not, release the hand of the young lady, but clutched it as firmly as if life depended upon the strength of the grasp. She screamed loudly; all love was forgotten when self-preservation was her uppermost thought. Her cries to be released were unheeded, and, almost in despair, she clutched the coat of a man who stood near. The latter, feeling himself pulled toward the edge of the dock, instantly grasped the arm of a darkey; and so it went on, until in the space of a minute or two, there were no less than ten black and white faces bobbing up and down in the water. Luckily, owing to the number of small boats tied there, they were all rescued, minus a hat or two. You can wager that there was a jolly time among the ladies and gentlemen congregated there. With the exception of the dripping victims, all thought it excellent Sunday sport—that ducking.

Things I Don't Like—By a Lady.

I don't like, if a girl sets here eyes on a young gentleman for a minute, that she should imagine that she has *set* on him for life.

I don't like to see two ladies conversing in an undertone in company, wearing a malicious look upon there faces, and directing their eyes frequently towards me.

I don't like to see those very young men whose thoughts are always centered upon themselves, and whose fingers are always twirling their mustaches.

I don't like to be one of a wedding party where all the young ladies are expected to damp their handkerchiefs in sympathy with the weeping bride.

I don't like to see my beau flirting with another girl, and be obliged to look gay and unconcerned all the time lest I be accused of jealousy.

I don't like those who will tell you that they 'are plain people who speak their minds,' and make that a pretext to give you all manner of homeblows.

I don't like if a girl makes herself agreeable to a gentleman for half an hour, that he should go away and tell all his friends in confidence, that she is 'dying about him.'

I don't like to be asked to play a little music for the grtification of the company, and to find that during the whole performance, everybody prefers listening to the music of their own voices.

I don't like to see a pair of slippers that I worked at long and arduously to render beautiful, flourishing on the feet of another girl's husband whom I once expected to be my own.

I don't like after discoursing in animated and sensible strain for five minutes, to hear at the end of it, 'Pray excuse me, but what are you talking about?'

I don't like to be called 'heartless,' because I cannot sigh over a withered roseleaf, or weep over 'An Elegy on a Dead Canary.'

Amateur Hanging.

A correspondent who recently traveled on a railway relates a little by-play, which was amusing to the spectators:

A couple of young people of the male and female persuasions had been having an animated argument upon some interesting topic—perhaps as to whether they should call upon a minister at the next stopping-place. At any rate he was persistent and angry, and she reluctant and panting.

As the train neared Leavittsburg, the bell-cord was detached at the end of the car, preparatory to separating the train. The end of the rope hung beside the seat whence the young man glowered on the traveling world.

Partly for fun, and partly to frighten his companion, he jumped up, and throwing the cord around his neck, pretended to hang himself.

Just at this moment the brakesman at the forward end of the car seized the rope and gave it a tremendous jerk to draw it out. The twitch on the cord almost lifted the young man from his feet, and made him see stars that were not down in the books.

The young lady jumped up with a feminine shriek, and caught hold of her lover to keep him from being drawn headlong through the cord loops.

As he settled back into his seat it is hard to tell which had the whitest face, even when they came in close contact a minute after in proclamation of peace.

The minister in the next town got a fee that day.

An Investment in Horns.

We find the following in the Savannah (Ga.) *Republican*:

A friend of ours was sitting in his office on Monday, trying to fix his thoughts upon an abstruse work before him, but they wandered sadly from the subject, owing to the terrible noise maintained in front of his door by a small negro with a tin horn.—Finally he became too nervous to stand it any longer, and went out and called the boy and asked how much he would take for the horn.

'I dunno, sah,' was the answer.

'Will you take a quarter?'

'Yes, sah!'

The quarter was duly paid and the gentlman took possession of the offending horn. Scarcely had he reseated himself when a din far more horrible broke out in front of his office. He rushed out, and there was the veritable negro, reinforced by a comrade, and both using their best efforts on tin horns. Again the boy was interrogated, this time as to where he obtained the horns.

'I buyed 'em, sah, wid de quarter what you gin me.'

He has concluded henceforth to pay no more quarters for tin horns. The cure proved worse than the disease.

His Younger Days.

Mr. T. is a professor of music, well known in the West, where his musical abilities have given him considerable notoriety. It is also a notorious fact, that he has a particular love for 'the bowl,' and tippling seems to have become a second nature to him.

It is a common practice with him, when engaged at concerts, to step out during the performance of those parts where his services are not particualarly required, and indulge his drinking propensities in the nearest saloon.

It happened one night, that a raging thirst seized him as usual.

As ill-luck would have it, he was needed to appear in the next piece, which would be in so short a time as not to allow of his leaving the building. He stepped into one of the side, or dressing-rooms, where he found Mr. S., the owner of the hall. He inquired of Mr. S. if he had anything to drink. Mr. S. informed him that he could accomodate him with a glass of water. Mr. T. hesitated a moment, and then, as if driven to desperation, he exclaimed:

'Well, let's have it.'

Mr. S. handed him the water, which he drank; then returning the empty glass, he remarked with a sigh:

'Mr. S., that puts me in mind of my *younger days*.'

PARTING WORDS.—A lady parting from her husband a few days since in the cars at Albany was overheard by the passengers to utter the following paragraph all in one breath: 'Good by, Will, write to me every day, won't you? I'll expect a letter three times a week any way. Take good care of my Sunday school class, for I want it when I come back. If Miss Smith calls don't give her more than fifteen cents, for we have to support our own Church, you know. Don't forget to bring my silk dress and my other shoes. Come as soon as you can.—Good by. Don't forget your cane, and let your moustache grow.'

A LIVELY GIRL.—The Lanchester (Missouri) *Excelsior* knows of a girl in Schuyler County, who, 'one night last summer, attended a ball, danced all night, went home in the morning, got breakfast, dinner, and supper for ten harvest hands, did two weeks' washing and the milking, made a calico dress, practiced her music lesson, went blackberrying, gathered a gallon, walked to the town in the evening to attend a concert, and walked home before bedtime.'

A party of men were surveying for a railroad in New Jersey; and of course, they were entitled to the best along the line. At one house the proprietor was a little tardy in producing the cider. It came at last, and it was tested by one of the party with great deliberation. 'How much cider did you make this year?' he asked.—'Fifteen barrels,' was the answer. Another sip. 'Well, if you had had another apple, you might have made another barrel.'

WANTED TO KNOW.—What kind of ropes are used by a thimble-rigger? How many knots an hour can a Parson tie? The difference between minding the train and training the mind? Whether the lion of a party has anything to do with the dandelion? Whether a funeral carriage is an inky-bus? Whether one is (h)aunted who receives daily visits from his mother's sister?

The Williamton, Ill., *Independent*, edited by Mr. Steele, gets off the following: 'A printer last week proposed to go into partnership with us. His name is Doolittle. The firm name would sound very bad, either way you put it, 'Steal and DoLittle,' or 'DoLittle and Steal.' We can't jine. One of us would be in the poorhouse, and the other in the penitentiary.'

A young man, who very recently fell in love with a very beautiful young lady, says that when he ascertained last evening that she reciprocated his passion, he felt as though he was setting on the roof of a meeting-house and every shingle was a jews-harp.

Woman is like ivy—the more you are ruined, the closer she clings to you. A vile bachelor adds, 'Ivy is like woman—the more it clings to you, the more you are ruined.' Poor rule that won't work both ways.

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